The Bradford Reporter.

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Office over Cross' Book Store, two doors north of Stevens & Long, Towanda, Pa. May be consulted in German. [April 12, '74.

W. J. YOUNG,
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TOWANDA, PA.
Office—second door south of the First National Bank Main St., up stairs.

WILLIAMS & ANGLE,
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H. N. WILLIAMS. (oct. 17, '77) E. J. ANGLE.

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April 12, 1876.

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Collections promptly attended to. July 27, '76.

OVERTON & MERCUR,
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D. A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

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Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, up-stairs.
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Office over Dayton's harness store. Nov. 21, '78.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store.
Towanda, May 1, 1872ly*.

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E. D. PAYNE, M. D.,
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Office over Montanyes' Store. Office hours from 10 to 12, a. m., and from 2 to 4, P. M. Special attention given to diseases of the Eye and Ear.—Oct.10,'78-tf.

G. W. RYAN,
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Office day last Saturday of each month, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
Towanda, June 20, 1878.

MRS. H. PEET,
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TERMS.—$10 per term.
(Residence Third street, 1st ward.)
Towanda, Jan. 18, '79-1y.

W. S. VINCENT,
INSURANCE AGENT,
Towanda, Pa.
Feb. 6th, '79tf.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
May28-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

INSURANCE AGENCY.
The following
RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED
Companies represented;
LANCSHIRE, PHŒNIX, HOME, MERCHANTS.
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PAINTINGS.
PORTRAITS AND LANDSCAPES
Painted to order at any price from $5 to $500.
Oil Paintings Refrainted, Re-Touched, or changes made as desired.
All work done in the highest style of the Art.
JOHANN F. BENDER.
Towanda, Pa., April 18, 1878.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....$125,000
SURPLUS FUND..... 80,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOB. POWELL, President. 14, 1878.

Poetry.

THE CAUSE OF THE RAIN.

Away by the shore of the ocean blue
In peacefulness known to the lonely few,
The wife and child of a sailor true,
Lived and toiled together.

Full many a weird and pleasing tale,
Was told the boy, of sea and sail,
Of floating berg and northern gale,
Of clear and cloudy weather.

Adown the west the king of day
Was hastening through the gates away,
In all his golden bright array,
When home returned the skipper.

At evening, strolling on the sand,
He told the boy of many a land,
And slowly traced with his brawny hand
The cross and the starry dipper.

'Twas midnight, and unfit for rest,
The boy stole softly from his nest,
To watch the moon in clouds of the west
Play hide and seek with the water.

To laugh at the wind in its wild, wild race,
And again the stars of the heavens to trace;
But the thought that the dipper was out of place,
And veiled Andromeda's daughter.

The sea was mad, for the wind was high,
The huge black clouds would soon go by,
But down fell torrents of rain from the sky,
And awoke the sleeping skipper.

And suddenly long and loud laughed he,
When the voice of his child broke forth in glee,
"O father! the king of the Northern Sea
Has upset his starry dipper."

—*Emily Blake.*

SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown;
Since life is oft perplexing,
'Tis much the wisest plan
To bear all trifles bravely,
And smile whene'er you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow,
And thus despoil to-day?
For when you borrow trouble
You always have to pay;
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached:
Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing,
If you would keep in mind,
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined—
There must be something wanting;
And though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your casket
The precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy,
You may have and empty purse—
And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse—
But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,
It will make your pathway brighter
To smile whene'er you can.

Selected Tale.

Love Me, Love My Dog.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER IV.

A quick shock, a sense of rapid descent, a feeling of stifling suffocation, of a head swollen to bursting, dizziness, appalling terror, a retrospective vision of life, a horror of death, a plunge into cold water, a return to consciousness! Hope was struggling instinctively in the treacherous element which had saved her life by breaking her tremendous fall, and now threatened to engulf her. Had she known that she was thirty fathoms below the surface of the moor, she would have given up hope and been lost; but though the water rushed into her mouth and drowned her cries for help, and though her woollen cloak was heavy and clung to her, she struggled to keep her head free, and, in struggling, her open hand struck the rugged side of the pit and grasped it tenaciously. Slight as was the hold, it supported her to strike her feet downward and find solid ground beneath them, and now the water came only to her armpits—she could breathe again.

Half afraid to move a step in the pitchy darkness, she raised her voice again, only to hear her call reverberate as it rose, and to feel how hopeless was her situation. Yet she groped with one hand along the wall and strove to find a higher level for her foot.

At length her hand struck against a projection just above her head. It was a piece of timber, a kind of beam, doubtless one of the supports of the shaft when that had been first sunk for coal. At the full stretch of her arm she contrived to grip it firmly; and so, holding fast by the left hand, with the other she loosened the fastening of her saturated cloak and let it go. Relieved of its dragging weight, she threw up her right hand also to the beam, and clinging firmly with the strength borne of despair, planted her feet against the rough wall of the shaft, and foot by foot—the water buoying her up—raised herself higher and higher, until, with a supreme effort, she raised herself across the beam.

The position was painful and critical. She had no light to guide her. In gaining the beam she had lost her foothold of the wall, and so great was the pressure on her waist, she felt assured she must drop unless she could scramble into a sitting posture.

After one or two narrow mischances, which sent her heart leaping into her throat, she attained her object, and thanked God for comparative safety.

Yet was her position little less perilous. The beam had not more than the circumference of a man's hat-crown, and her sole support being the side of the shaft, her seat was necessarily very insecure, added to which her feet were yet in the cramping water, her strength was well-nigh gone, and with the temporary rest a sense of drowsiness stole over her.

Fortunately, hunger came to keep her awake, and with it longings for the half-eaten pie left at the collier's cottage. So far, struggles for immediate safety had overpowered every other thought and feeling, but now the desolation and hopelessness of her position smote Hope.

Of time she could take no note. It was the 27th of November, and its fog was thick enough to blot out moon and stars, had either hung above that old pit-mouth. Not until day had fully chased the mists and shadows did a glimmering patch of light high up above her tell her that only one night had gone. To her it seemed as if the darkness was perpetual, and she had been there treble the time.

During the night she had contrived to raise her feet out of the icy water, and extend them before her on the beam; but they were almost numb, and she shivered in her wet clothes.

With her hungry longings had come thoughts of all the good things at the farm to tantalize her; and then the knowledge that she would not be missed until the Sunday night set in; and she began to question her own powers of endurance, and to wonder if she could hold out until they began to search for her. She wondered, too, how long it would be before Amos Hedley heard that she was missing, and if he would join in the search.

And then, as if conjured up by the thought of Amos, came in a flash over her mind the dreadful plot she had overheard, and the danger which threatened his master's household, and perchance himself. In the consciousness that she held a secret on which both life and property might hang, her hunger was for the time forgotten, and feverish longing to escape and warn Sir William overpowered all else.

She screamed until she was hoarse, but only her own voice came back to her; and as the hours went slowly by, and her clothes dried upon her, she grew parched and doubly feverish. To quench her intolerable thirst, she drew gently up the tail of her linen gown, which hung below drabbling in the water, and sucked the moisture out; but it had to be done with caution, lest she should overbalance.

And ever and anon she shrieked for "help" and "Amos," but neither came, though another night wore out and another day passed its meridian. She grew clamorous for food, fever was gaining upon her, and after lapses into despairing silence her cries grew sharp and shrill.

Not until the day began to wane, and the gathering shadows sent home the farmer and his son to their Sunday-evening meal, did Dame Applegarth evince any surprise at her maid's long absence. Then she began to remark that Hope was late, that it was not safe for a girl to wander on the fells after dark, and threatened to rebuke her when she did get home.

But when night began to show a black face at the diamonded casement, and the flames of the blazing fire leaped up to light the kitchen with reflections in polished oak and pewter, she looked uneasily out, and bade "Gwordie take a lantern and leet th' canny bairn through the mirk."

Geordie seemed somewhat loathe to stir himself, but he never dreamed of disputing his mother's behests; so he reached a horn lantern from a hook behind the door, carefully lit and adjusted the bit of home-made candle within, closed the lantern deliberately, and, with a stick in one hand, set off on his errand, nothing doubting he should meet her before his long legs had carried him the length of the village.

Before he had gone far he met various parties of young fellows returning from the fell, some with game cocks under their arms, others with bandy-sticks, or trigs; cock-fighting, bandy, trippet-and-coit, and other gambling games, making the fell-side like a fair on Sunday afternoons.

Several of these he questioned, but no one had seen or overtaken Hope, and when he had gone little more than a mile he turned back, satisfied in his own mind that she had staid with her old grandmother. He was not gallant, and he wanted his supper.

He was, however, away quite long enough to add to his mother's uneasiness, without allaying it. She had never known Hope so far behind time before in all the years of her long service; the lass had been like a daughter to her; and unpunctuality in her mind portended evil.

As Geordie came back down the village street the light of the lantern gleamed on the white mutch, or long-eared linen cap, of his mother, as her head was stretched over the gate and her anxious, "Where's Hope?" greeted him.

The question, and the short, "Aw, dinnet ken," with the longer assurance which followed that she must be "steyin' wid auld Betty, for sarten!" being asked and answered from a distance, reached the ears of another watcher across the road. From the copse-gate, which he had already unfastened, came Amos Hedley, equipped for night duty, with his gun over his shoulder.

From the tenor of his questions it would seem he was no better satisfied with Geordie's excuse than was Dame Applegarth, or the farmer, who joined them at the gate; and, but that the gamekeeper's duty tied him to his master's woods all night, he would himself have set off to put anxiety to rest, although the farmer assured him it "wad be little wark for a stranger to gan ower th' fell after neetfa'; an' th' wench meet be syef enoof efter a'."

In that "might be" the good dame and Amos were compelled to look for hope, for Geordie showed no disposition for another march in search of his mother's dairy maid. But Amos watched that night with an impatience for the dawn he had rarely known before.

Instead of retiring to rest when the hour came to report himself to the head keeper, he swallowed in haste a glass of ale, thrust a hunch of bread and cheese in his coat pocket, and was off on his self-appointed errand to Burnhead.

Geordie's nonchalnace had allayed his jealousy, but not his fears or his love, and the restlessness which had gathered force during the night gave speed to his flying feet, and made his possible reception a matter of small moment.

Disappointment awaited him at Betty's cottage, as it had awaited Hope. A pair of robins were breakfasting on the crumbs left from Hope's repast, but doors and windows were alike secured, and no hospitable smoke curled from the low chimney-top.

He stood hesitating; the crumbs were an assurance that some one had been there but recently. Possibly Hope and her grandmother had together quitted the cottage that very morning, and gone to make a neighborly call before the former returned to the farm.

He cast his eyes around and singled out a cottage for inquiry, overleaping rock and burn in his impatient descent. It chanced to be the one Hope had gone out of her way to visit.

"Aye, Hope hed ben theer, suir enoof, but nowt wad gar her stop;" then observant of the ghastly change in her questioner's face, the woman added the kindly consolation that she might have stopped somewhere else down the fell when she found the fog coming on, and would most likely have reached home before then.

Alternately hoping and fearing, he hurried back, after thanking his informant, turning aside from the trodden path, with tireless foot and expectant voice, toward every shepherd's hut or pitman's cottage within range, wherever it seemed feasible the girl he now loved so dearly might have sought a night's shelter and hospitality in emergency.

But, oh! how haggard was the face Amos presented when he burst into Farmer Applegarth's house about eleven that Monday forenoon and found his last hope extinguished on this hearth.

Not seeing Hope, or a sign of her, in the farm-yard or in the empty kitchen, he rushed on to the dairy, where Dame Applegarth was skimming the milk, too much concerned at her maid's absence to complain of the extra work. At the first accents of his hurried inquiry, the first glimpse of his anxious face, she dropped the wooden bowl of cream from her hands, and clasped them together on her breast in consternation, as she cried in echo to his hasty explanation: "Nut theer! and nut seen sin Setterday efternuin! Aw telt Gwordie somethin' wor wrang; aw wur suir of it! Whativer con hev fa'en the lass!"

Out ran the quiet woman into the farm-yard, calling for Gilbert and Geordie, in a state of unusual excitement. Then she recollected that "the daft collont wor gyen te th' smiddy," and while Amos darted across the road, and bounded over the copse-gate into the wood, she flew up the straggling street to seek her son, remembering only that Hope had gone away at her bidding, that Geordie had been lukewarm over night, and feeling much as if whatever had happened to the girl would lie at their door.

The excitement spread. Staid Dame Applegarth could not rush up the village without bringing wives to their doors and children after them. "Lost on Black Fell in th' fog two days sin," roused many a sturdy pitman who worked on the night-shift from his forenoon dreams, to join the impromptu band of searchers who were off, along with the farmer and Geordie, long before Amos returned with leave of absence granted, and limping Gipsy at his heels.

CHAPTER V.

The mind is the body's master. Amos Hedley had been afoot in the woods all night, with only an occasional rest against the bole of a tree; had been afoot all the morning on the rugged fell with only a suggestion of breakfast, and might well have claimed the privilege of fatigue; but a spirit of unrest was alive within him, never to be tamed to quietude while Hope was missing.

On his way to the head keeper he met Sir William in the grounds near the hall, and in answer to the query, "Whither so fast, young man?" told hastily the story of Hope Wolsingham's disappearance, her claims upon his gratitude, and his anxiety to renew the search for her.

The Baronet smiled as Amos spoke of gratitude; he had some recollection of the independent dairy-maid. The required permission was given on the instant.

Nature and common sense had dictated the necessity for refreshment; now Amos plunged his head in a bucket of water, ate heartily a dinner the sympathetic cook set before him, and started off afresh like a new man.

Quite an hour had been consumed when, accompanied by Gipsy, he again emerged from the copse, and strode through the village on his way to the fell. The other seekers were far ahead of him, and something like a jealous qualm came over him lest she should be found by any but himself. His better nature, however, rebuked him, and he told Gipsy it mattered not who came first on her track, so long as she was only safe and well.

The dispersed explorers had met and parted, and met again after three hours' fruitless wanderings, and were, with the single exception of Gilbert Applegarth, on the point of returning to their own homes, convinced that the girl had gone astray of her own free will and not of mischance, arguing that she was most likely with old Betty at home "kirsening," when the echoes of a distant shout attracted the thin ears of one, a hewer.

With hands curved to mouth, a loud "Hallo!" was thrown forth, and reanswered back again, and the whole party hastened in the direction of the voice, quickening their steps as they saw a figure in the distance, soon recognized as the gamekeeper, running and waving his arms as if to urge them forward.

Amos had already gone over the ground these others had taken, and known it barren. Something urged him to make fresh inquiries from the woman who had seen Hope last, and obtain an indication of the road she had taken.

He had been too brief a time in the neighborhood to know all the short cuts across the fell, and it was less his own sagacity than that of Gipsy which led him to the long spur of gray rocks where she had rested and shaken the grit out of her shoes.

Here Gipsy, who had been some time uneasy, suddenly came to a stand, sniffed at the ground, looked up into Amos' face, whined, then with his nose to the earth, was off as fast as his three good legs would carry him, past the point of the spur, often looking back and whining, rebelliously regardless of the keeper's whistle; for the man and the dog were going in different directions.

There was not the faintest indication of a path, but Gipsy kept on, over ground so rugged that Amos could not conceive the possibility of its being mistaken for the road even in a fog, and but for the peculiar manner of the dog, he would have declined to follow.

Presently they came upon great heaps of slag and coal-dust, so long forgotten that weeds and grass had found a home there. But there was no place where Hope could lie hidden, dead or alive, unless it were that solitary clump of furze and hazel-bushes in the distance.

Gipsy stopped as if suddenly arrested, a movement of his long ears told that he was listening, then he stood rigid, with his tail set, as if he had come upon his game. He gave a short, sharp bark, bounded forward to reach the bushes, looked back as if to call his master, scurried here and there as if to find entrance, and barked as if he were wild.

His master was quickly after him, and, but that he was brought to a sudden stop by something that sounded to him like a far-off whisper of his own name, he might have fallen forward and shared the fate of the poor creature perishing of cold and hunger in the depths below, so completely had the thick fringe of hazels hid the old coal-pit's yawning mouth.

Thus checked, with his heart almost at a stand-still, he lay down upon the ground, and thrusting his head into the gap between the bushes, looked searchingly down with shuddering dread.

It was an awful depth, and but that the gleaming water below served as a reflector of the sky, he might have failed to discern the dark figure seated on the beam, with white face raised so piteously to the light.

And now he was sure he heard his own name, faintly mingled with an imploring cry for succor; and as he answered her cry with the one word, "Hope!" his sudden joy at her discovery living was dashed with fears lest she should die ere rescue was possible.

A faint scream rising from beneath told that he was at least heard. Again he called, and loudly, to bid her be of good cheer. Then leaving Gipsy on guard, he darted off helter-skelter, pausing only to send a loud halloo upon the wind from time to time, until, as he was well-nigh spent, his call was answered.

The blacksmith's wife and Mrs. Applegarth had thought it ill-omened that three of the pit-men slung coils of rope around them when they joined the search; and Amos had more than once been tempted to empty from his pockets the good things the cook had crammed them with in token of her sympathy. He had fancied the weight impeded his progress. He had cause to be thankful he was so laden.

Geordie, whose long legs best fitted him for courier, was at once dispatched to the village for more help and sundry appliances, and, spurred by compunction, he did not loiter by the way.

There was little consultation at the mouth of the pit, where Gipsy stood like a sentry, and barked on their approach.

The hazel has a tenacious grip of the soil, its tough out-spreading roots twining and interlacing. And now Amos showed himself less a novice than the pitmen deemed. He helped to splice the coils of rope, and, telling them he had been bred a sea-fowler on the coast, would have ventured on the descent, had not their experience told the line was far too short.

One of their number, foreseeing this on his first glance downward, had scudded off for bare life to the nearest mine at work; but the brief afternoon had made strides as swift before the man returned with cable and comrades to help.

Still, there was a stretch of daylight left when Amos was slowly lowered in a rope-cradle, guiding its descent fowler-wise down the face of the shaft, while anxious prayers went up to heaven from the rough beings, so prompt at the call of duty—Wesley's disciples, one and all—and Gipsy could hardly be restrained from leaping after him.

He gained the bottom in safety, only in time to catch the form of Hope as she was dropping from her perch. Expectation and joy had overtopped exhaustion; human nature could no longer bear the strain.

When two pitmen, slung together, reached the side of the keeper, they found him standing more than waist-high in water, sustaining Hope with one arm, and pouring brandy down her throat from the flask of the good-natured cook. By this time a blanket had been brought. A sort of hammock was made, into which she was lifted, still in a state of unconsciousness; and Amos, looping his foot in a rope stirrup, prepared for the hazardous ascent, while the men below steadied the impromptu cradle with a gie.

There was a breathless hush as the twain were landed clear of the hazels on the bank, and there was some doubt whether Hope was living or dead.

Gipsy barked and leaped excitedly; Farmer Applegarth's big fingers untied the girl's choking hat-strings; Amos kneeled down and chafed her rigid hands; the fresh air blew upon her face; and under the influence of one or all restoratives her languid lids unclosed.

Women as well as men had come bareheaded from the village on hearing Geordie's news, and there was a general shout at this token of life. The men then turned with a will to release their captive brethren, and by the time they were landed, Hope was eating ravenously the bread and meat from Amos Hedley's pockets, soaked though they had been in the pit.

She was carried home to the farm in Dame Applegarth's own rocking-chair, and there was no lack of volunteers for the service. But Amos, who had felt his own strength collapse when there was no longer a demand upon it, was content, like Gipsy, to walk beside, and now and then stretch out a hand to wrap closer around her the blanket which the rising wind displaced. Hope was too feeble for many words, but her thanks had been sufficiently eloquent, and Amos was doubly blest.

Wet, cold, hunger, exposure, and enforced wakefulness for eight-and forty hours would try the strongest woman's frame. Hope was on the verge of a fever; and when the first use she found for speech was to bid Amos hasten to Sir William and warn him that Nick Faw and the two escaped poachers were going to break into the hall that very night, she was accredited with delirium. She said she had thought of little else all the while she was down the pit, and implored him to lose no time in warning his master. But he lingered incredulous, and she grew impatient. And then, as fever grew, her mind did begin to wander, and all her pent-up love was unsealed, and found unconscious utterance in broken words and ejaculations of alternate fear and gratitude. She was once more in the darksome pit, cramping on her narrow perch, and yet afraid to move a limb lest she should have a fresh struggle with the icy water below her; praying for deliverance, and crying that she should die, and Amos would not scorn her then. Anon she implored Nick Faw and Joey Dobson not to murder Amos—to spare the poor doggie—anon she muttered fragments of the nefarious colloquy by the rocky ridge on the hill-side, with self-congratulations that she had overheard it all. Then she was fleeing from pursuit; now falling, falling into the bottomless pit; every now and then she would look wildly round and shriek for Amos to save her—not to let her die there of cold and hunger!

It was all a disjointed tangle, pitiable to listen to, as evidence of the ordeal she had undergone, and the fever that ran riot through her veins; yet such is the inconsistency of man, that a thrill of satisfaction stirred the heart of Amos at her unconscious admissions, in spite of the new dread lest she should be lost as soon as found.

She had been laid on a huge blue and white check-covered squab or sofa in the kitchen, and had not yet been removed to her own low-roofed bed-room under the eaves. The fire had been piled up high to warm and welcome her, and the whole attendant crowd had taken possession of the apartment, freely discussing Hope's marvelous deliverance and the sagacity of Gipsy in tones fitter for the hill-side than the sensitive nerves of a woman in her prostrate condition.

Mrs. Applegarth, ministering to her immediate needs, grew uneasy as she listened to her and to them. Geordie came from the cellar with two great pitchers of ale, and the farmer busied himself to place half a cheese and a big loaf on the table; but it needed only a hint from the dame to carry ale and edibles into the barn, with the crowd in their rear. And there Geordie was left to play host, Gilbert returning to help his good dame.

Thus it chanced that Hope's utterances fell into no strange ears, except those of a kindly old neighbor (herself as deaf as a post), who remained to chafe the girl's benumbed limbs, while Mrs. Applegarth prepared a hot buttermilk posset by way of food and physic.

At first Amos was disposed to put Sir William on his guard, on Hope's suggestion; but, when she grew palpably incoherent, he was half inclined to fall in with the farmer's notion that the "puir wench's brain wor torned," he had best "nut fash th' maister for nowt," and reluctantly left her to her nurses at last, to turn the question over in his own mind as he dragged his tired limbs thro' the park homeward to the hall. Yet, if Hope had heard, and heard aright, the robbers were to make the attack that very night—hark!

CHAPTER VI.

Hark! A dry twig cracked under a heavy foot; a hare, startled from its sleep, scurried past him; Gipsy gave a low growl and stood still. Amos had borrowed the farmer's gun, and now held it ready; there was certainly strangers in the plantation. To put it to the test he gave a peculiar signal whistle. There was a response. A fellow-keeper would have answered.

He stood for a minute or two with his gun at half-cock; then, as if thoroughly reassured, pursued his course with Gipsy limping beside him, quite as weary as his master, though not one whit more content or satisfied.

As usual, Amos had entered the plantation by the copse-gate; the cut thence across the park saved at least a third the distance of the road proper.

To-night he stood in need of rest, but now he was on the alert, and wide awake. Coupling that stealthy tread with the growl of the dog, and Hope's communication, he was inclined to pay more heed to her warning, and felt how necessary it was he should reach the hall without arousing suspicion in the evil minds so near to him. He stepped on boldly as if on ordinary duty, loitering now and then, and patting Gypsy with a pleasant word; apparently going further away into the convert, yet drawing nearer to the open park with every step.

Once away from the shadow of the trees he made direct for the hall, pondering how best to get immediate speech with Sir William without first running the gauntlet of the servant's hall.

He was anticipated. The Baronet had given orders that immediately on the gamekeeper's return he should be shown into the library.

There he found Sir William seated at a large table, with books and papers before him, and two or three money bags at his elbow which had that day been paid in by his steward.

Shutters were fastened, curtains drawn, the fire glowed, the wax-lights in the silver candelabra were repeated in the glazed fronts of ponderous book-cases; and as Sir William half turned in his chair to greet the newcomer, Amos had a vision of a struggle for the bags upon the table, and the words, "silent with the knife," came into his mind with painful suggestiveness.

"And so the young woman was found! I'm glad of it! And where was it, Hedley; and how came it all about? You must tell me the whole story," and the Baronet smiled pleasantly, "for your lady will not bate a jot of the news, and I shall have to retail it. Lady Derwent is greatly interested in your—sweetheart—shall we say?"

It was impossible to answer all the Baronet's cordial questions at once, and Amos hesitated. There was a look of gravity on the young man's face, as well as an utterly exhausted droop of his shoulders. There was wine on the table. Struck by something in the young man's voice or manner, Sir William filled a wine-glass from a decanter on the table, and bade him drink that before he began, it would "put heart into him."

But he had already begun. His tale would not brook delay. Briefly and modestly he told the story of anxious quiet, attributing the credit of Hope's recovery entirely to the sagacity of Gipsy, and dwelt more on the pitable condition in which the lost girl was found than on the adventurous descent of himself and others. His master's commiseration was roused, but its expression was arrested as Amos unexpectedly drew close, and leaning one hand on the table, bent down to tell in lowered tones that Hope had fallen into the old pit in endeavoring to evade Nick Faw and two others, who had planned, in her hearing, to break into Derwentside Hall that very night, for plunder, and it might be—murder also.

Sir William grasped the arms of his chair and half rose from his seat, aghast and confounded, as he well might be. But he was a brave man, and after that first surprised start, listened with apparent composure, while Amos went on to say that he had heard strange footsteps in the wood, and believed the wretches were lurking there in readiness.

"No doubt, no doubt," acquiesced Sir William; "and we must be ready too," he added, with his hand on the embroidered bell-pull.

Thwaites, the pompous old butler came at the summons. He had been a servant in the family from boyhood.

In horror and amazement he uplifted his fat hands, unable to comprehend the enormity of a burglary at Derwentside. But he was alive to the need for promptitude and caution. With Amos in tow he left the library to carry out instructions.

Cook had a substantial supper ready for Amos. Men and women servants crowded round to ply him with questions. It was ten o'clock. Lady Derwent had rung for her maid half an hour. "To bed, to bed, you chattering women-folk," cried Thwaities. "It is long past time. Sir William wants the house quiet; he has Mr. Ramsay's account to overlook."

He was imperative. The maids retired grumbling, the housekeeper following, with a light in a wire screen, as was her custom, to secure the extinction of other candles. All bolts and bars had been previously adjusted, and to an outside spectator the household appeared to sink into night's torpor and quiescence as usual.

When the coast was clear Sir William and the butler armed the men servants with cudgels or pistols, and with many a charge to be silent, placed them two and two in the lower rooms, the point of attack being as uncertain as the number of the robbers.

Derwentside Hall was a plain stone edifice, with a flagged pavement on three sides, while the other overhung the river at an elevation, and so was safe from attack. It had been calculated that footsteps, however stealthy would be heard upon this pavement; but the men had come with muffled feet, and the first intimation of their approach was the sound of a file on the unglazed grating of the larder window.

Iron, woodwork, and wirework were all old, the operators skillful; ere long the framework gave away with little noise. Some one crushed through the gap, and dropped on padded feet—a second followed—a third: the flash of a lantern gleamed on the passage walls; there was a stoppage at the butler's pantry, a jingle of keys, as if the lock was being picked, a low-voiced suggestion to make sure of the coin first, it was safest; and then the ruffians passed into the large kitchen on their way to the opposite door, the one with the dark lantern in the rear There was a dull red glow in the heart of the recently slacked fire which barely cast a light on the bright iron fender and white hearth, leaving the corner of the great kitchen in deep shadow.

As the third man stole in, Amos, who stood ready, closed the door behind him, shadowy forms darted from every corner, and the intruders found themselves in a trap.

"Surrender, you vagabonds!" cried Sir William, and the cock of a pistol was heard to enforce command.

"Nivvor!" roared the leader; "It be thee or me for it," and darted forward to throw himself on the Baronet, whose voice had revealed his whereabouts.

There was the gleam of a knife, the flash of a pistol, and Sir William was down with a ruffianly hand on his throat. Already he felt the sharp prick of a blade, when the man's arm was clutched from behind, there was a grip of a powerful hand on his collar, he was dragged to his feet, and hurled across the kitchen, when he struck against and overturned a chair in falling. He rose and again rushed forward, but his knife was gone, and when he closed with Amos, the two grappled together, with only their natural weapons, and on equal terms barring the fatigue of the latter.

In the general scuffle their individual conflict was unobserved. It was not until the other burglars had succumbed to stout cudgels in stout hands, in spite of their lethal weapons and the crape was torn from the faces of Mat Laing and Joey Dobson, that their captors had breathing-time to note the desperate struggle on the hearth. But, by that time, it was nearly over, Amos had succeeded in bringing his antogonist to the ground his head had struck the fender in falling, his hat had fallen off, and Nick Faw lay there stunned.

He was not killed, however, and had fared little worse than Amos, who had got an ugly scratch with the knife in wresting it from him.

The butler, too, had pretty nearly got his quietus, or thought he had, but it was from the chance hit of a friendly cudgel, and the knives had not otherwise done much damage.

Those were hanging days. When the three ruffians were hauled off to the county jail the next morning under a strong escort they knew they were journeying to the gallows, and that they would be too heavily ironed to escape this time.

Penitent enough were the two poachers, who had been led into the more daring attempt by the prospect of plunder and revenge under the inspiration of Nick Faw; but the hardened tinker, scowling and sullen, only opened his mouth in blasphemy.

Amos, whose hand smarted under bandages, could not resist the temptation to tell the man how their plot had been overheard, and how the lass who heard would have been lost but for the poor dog they had thrown so wantonly at the baited bull. Aye, and mayhap if the doggie had never wanted nursing, it would have known nothing of Hope or her kindness. Nick Faw had certainly twined a rope for his own neck when he threw the dog to be gored.

The man glared at the speaker, and bit at him like a savage; and Gipsy having forced his way among the crowd at the back of the hall, as he and his companions were led away in custody, he put out his foot and dealt the animal a brutal kick. He had again reckoned without his host. Gypsy darted after him, and made him feel that woolen stockings were bad armor against canine fangs.

Sir William's wound was scarcely more severe than that of the gamekeeper, though but for the latter's promptitude it might have been fatal. The Baronet's gratitude and that of Lady Derwent could not be expended in words. He dealt immediate rewards to the other domestics who had taken part in the capture of the burglars and the defense of his property, but he told Amos he should have to think how best to serve him and his sweetheart—so he persisted in calling Hope Wolsingham.

In the first place he left him at liberty, until his hand was healed, to go where he would, and quickly as feet could span the distance Amos was at Applegarth's farm.

An hour later Sir William and Lady Derwent met him at the farmer's gate as he was rushing in a state of destraction to find old Betty Wolsingham. She was wanted to try her skill on her own grandchild, whose fever had not abated.

Dame Applegarth landed the wonderous condescension of the lady in mounting the dark stairs to Hope's small chamber in the roof, and laying vinegar-cloths on the maids forehead with her "awn lily-white hands," but the lady felt as if the girl was suffering for her, and as if she owed her a husband's life.

Geordie, who had not ceased to deplore his inactivity in the first instance, was ready enough to fling his long legs over a bare-backed horse, and rode off for Sir William's doctor; and by the time Dr. Blackett's three-cornered hat and gold-headed cane reached the farm, old Betty was there to act as nurse under his instructions, though she felt strongly tempted to trust to her own remedies and ignore him altogether.

Fever and delirium ran high; over and over again the girl went through her frightful experience on fell and in pit, but in all such genuine anxiety for the people at the hall was apparent, so much affection for Amos Hedley, which he was "sure nivvor to ken," that the earnest heart would have melted with pity and Amos, kneeling by her bed-side, sobbed again.

For a long while her life trembled in the balance, but what the skill of the time and loving hands could do was done for her; she was young, had a strong constitution; the crisis passed, and left her to regain strength, and to discover that she had a lover by her side who poured out his heart as if he knew the depth of hers.

She was not voted well enough to enter the witness-box at the Winter jail-delivery. The men had gone armed to Derwentside, had broken in, had picked a lock, fought and wounded the inmates of the hall, and their sentence came from under the Judge's black cap. Her evidence was not needed

At the beginning of the year Sir William announced to Amos that he had a farm on his hands for which he wanted a tenant; it was well stocked and might be had on a long lease for a small rental; and he thought Amos might venture on it, with Hope as his helpmate.

And so it came about. Hope wore at her wedding the ribbons Am